

ARY STANLEY'S eyes had not deceived her; the boat of which she had caught a momentary glimpse was a smart little

that was making in for Heimra Island, and there were three men on deck-M) two redcaps forward, the last was a young fellow of about six and twenty, niddle height, of somewhat pale complexion, and with singularly dark eyes and hair. The curious

thing was this-though you could not say that any of his features were particularly fine (except, perhaps, his coal-black eyes, which were clearly capable of flame, if the occasion demanded) the general effect of them was striking; they seemed to convey an impression of strengthof a certain lazy audscity of strength; while the forehead revealed by the peaked cap being pushed carelessly backward denoted at once intelligence and resolution. But indeed at this moment the young man's attitude was one of merely quiescent ndifference—though there was an occasional quick scrutiny of the neighboring coast. All the graver perils of the voyage were over; they were running easily before a steady wind, and they would get safely to their anchorage ere the light had wholly died out of the western skies.
"Down foresail!" he called to the men. For now

they were passing a headland that formed one of two arms encircling a sheltered little bay—a strangely silent and solitary looking place it seemed in this mysterious light. Storile, too; tumbled masses of rock with hardly a scrap of vegetation on them; a few clumps of larches here and there; an occasional dark green pine higher up the ciffs. But at all events it was quiet and still; the water apped clear and crisp along the shingle, while the nurmur of the outer sea was still everywhere around, and also, on the northern side of the bay, there was a long out-jutting roof where there was a continuous surge of white foam over the saw-

toothed edge.

"Down jib". The sound of a human voice was so strange in this solitude—far stranger than the mere rattle of blooks and tackle.

"Main sheet!"
The two mere came aft: the stearsman tammed

"Main sheet!"

The two men came aft; the steersman jammed down his heim; the vessel slowly rounded into the wind—the boom being hauted in meanwhile—the mainsail flapping and shivering in the light breeze. "Stand by to let go!" was the next order, and the sands went forward again—the vessel gradually oring the way that was on her, until she seemed involved motionless.

"Lat go!"

seeing the way that was on her, until she seeined she of the process.

"Lat go!"

There was a splash and a roar that sent a thousand shuddering cohoes through the silence. A heron uttered a hearse croak and rose on heavy and slow fluttering wings to make for some distant sheiter. A pair of dunlins—unseen in the dush—sadded their shrill piping cry. Then all was still again, save for the continual moaning of the surge on the distant reef.

"Give a haul at the topping lift, lads!" This was the final direction, and then, with another keen look round the little bay, young Ross of Heimra—or Donuil Og Vich lain Vich Ruari, as some were proud to call him—went down into the cabin to put a few things together before going ashore. Of the two sailors now left on deck one was a powerfully built man of about thirty, with a close lipped brown beard, bushy brown eyebrows and oyes of a clear Celtic gray. His name was Kenneth Macleod, but he was more generally known as compacted by the companion was younger than himself—a lad of twonty or two-and-twenty; long and loutish of figure, but with a pleasant expression of face. This was Malcoim, or rather Calum, as they called him. Probably he had some other name, but it was never heard of; the long, lumpsh, heavily shouldered lad was simply known throughout this neighborhood as Calum, or Calum—batas, Calum of the Boat.

"It is I who will have a sound sleep this night," said he in Gaelic, as he stretched his hands above his head and yawned.
"And I, too, when the work is ever," said his heighbor, pulling out a short, black pipe. "And

now, see to the tackle, taking, and we'll get the boat holsted out, for the master will be going ashore.

The boat, a twelve footer or thereabouts, had been stowed on deck, but they soon had her launched over the side and everything put shipshape and in readiness. And presently the young man who had gone down into the cabin reappeared again; he threw some things into the boat and took his place in the stem sheets. The men shoved off and presently they were well on their way to the beach, where there was a radely formed slip. By this time the streaks of lemon and light that had appeared in the west were dying away. Darkness was coming over land and sea; already in the cast one or two stars were visible between the thinning and breaking clouds.

Young Ross landed at the slip, and made his way up to a level pateau on which stood a long, rambling, one storied building, mostly of timber: a sort of bungalow, with a slated porch, and with some little presence of a garden round it, though at this time of the year nothing, of course, was visible in it but a few leafless bushes. At the door stood an old woman neatly and smartly dressed, whose eyes were still expressive enough to shaw how eyes were still expressive enough to shaw how ploused she was.

"sand a vening to you, Martha," said he in cissic, "and I hope you are well."

"Indeed I am ail the better for seeing you back, cir," replied the old weman with many smiles. "The house is no house at all when you are away."

She followed him obsequiously into the narrow hall. He only glanced at the nowspapers and letters on the table. But there was something else there—a brace of grouse.

"Will I cook one of the birds for Mr. Ross' dinner" she asked, her Eighland politeness causing her to address bin in the third person.

A quick frown came over his face.

"Who brought these here?" he demanded.

"Oh, well—they were left," said old Martha, evasively.

yes, left; but who left them?" he asked

again. "Oh, well; maybe it was the Lochgarra keepers,"

said sho. "The keepers? Nonsense!" he said, angrily. *Fhir mo chritic - Man of my beart! : "Cha till mi twilich"-I shall never more return-

"To you tell me the keepers would shoot grouse at this time of the year, when the birds have paired and soon will be mestine. It was eilile Clotzch, "I'll be bound. Now you will tell the Gille Clotzch, "I'll be bound. Now you will tell the Gille Clotzch, "I'll be bound. Now you will tell the Gille Clotzch, "I'll be bound. Now you will tell the Gille Clotzch, "I'll be bound. Now you will tell the Gille Clotzch, "I'll be bound. Now you will tell the Gille Clotzch, "I'll be bound. Now you will tell the Gille Clotzch is recipied will be short to the coming over here anyway because he lost." "Oh, well, Indeed sir," said Martha, it a deprecasting way, "the poor young lad meant no harm. He was coming over here anyway because he lost. At this the young master burst out taughing. "The Gille Clotzch is an excellent one for lies, and that is certain." and the "'His dog? And how could his dog awim across from Lochparra to the bound of the comes over hure he may look after the lobesters, but he willibe better not to cill lies about a dog, and also he will do well to leave the Lochparra grouse alone. And now, Martha, if there is any dinner for me, let me bave it at one; for I am got his well and the short of the short of



slowly—
"Columeach, do you suppose the Woman came
from the cave where the cook was heard crowing?"
"How can't tell?" was the answer. "Perhaps I
have said too much. But what I have said to you,
that is the least part of what happened to me that
night, for it is not to be spoken or." And then he

when heavily she millered that was simply into the constitution of the company of the control of mauracily, "you are not long from your mother approximity; from are adrained two methe candles and head coloneach here a hand with the candles and head coloneach here a hand with the candles and head coloneach here a hand with the candles and head coloneach here a hand with the candles and head coloneach here a hand with the candles and head coloneach here a hand with the candles and head coloneach here a hand with the head that he had it with the head of the head to her he head the head of the head to her he head to her he wild head as well as any pistol-besides making a master, turning away from him, "will friguten will be maste as well as any pistol-besides making a master, turning away from him, "will friguten will be maste as well as any pistol-besides making a master, turning away from him, "will friguten will be master as well as any pistol-besides making a master, turning away from him, "will friguten will be asked by a huge mast-a perpendicular pinnacle-of rock; and the head of the half moon table for the half way from him, "will friguten will be asked be my last the colonear will be head be and as any pistol-besides making a down the first of the half moon table for the lawyure had been plastered on top with a new within the call was the colonear within the way from him, "will friguten will be asked been plasted in the will him he will be head to her will be a subject to the him he was confronted by darkness and unknown terrors. And yet heavenpulously obeyen to quick him, he was confronted by darkness and the platter of the court for the will be an interest the propose of the himself of himself of the himself of himself of the himself of himself

*Gille Clotach-the left handed young man. and listening to the continuous murmur of the +Uumh celle h na gluodhaich-The Cave of the Crowing distant surf. He had lit his pipe, too; he did not

seem to have much apprehension of being interfered with. And, indeed, all went well; and in due course of time the two dark figures came along the beach with the intelligence that all the kegs had been safely stowed, and that they were now ready to row the master back to his own home. "Coinneach," said Donaid Rosu, seated at the helm, when they were some way out ou the black and tumbling water, that glanced and quivered here and there with the reflections of the stars, "they were telling me before we left in the yacht that the lady was shortly coming to Lochgarra House."

"And indeed I heard the same thing myself," said Coinneach, "and they were making ready at

House."

"And indeed I heard the same thing myself," said Coinneach, "and they were making ready at the big house for the coming of the Englishwoman."

"And I have no doubt," the master continued, "that Purdle will come with her to show her the property and introduce her to the people."

"The Little Red Dwarf," said Coinneach, and then he muttered to himself:—'It is the lowermost floor of hell that I am wishing for him, and for every one of his accursed house!"

Young Ross, of Heimra, took no notice of this plous ejaculation.

"Now listen," said he, "This is what I wish to say to you, Coinneach. When Purdle comes to Lochgarra with the lady who is the new proprietor, that would be a very good time indeed for widow MacVsan to ask them to give her a cow in place of the one that site lost in the Meall-na-Fearn bog. Maybe they will give the poor woman a cow, and she will pay them back bit by bit if they allow her time."

"It is no use asking the Little Red Dwarf for anything," said Coinneach sullenly. "There is no good will in his heart towards the people. Nor is there any good will in their hearts towards him—God forbid that there should be any such thing, Indeed, now, there is somesthing I could say about the little Red Dwarf—but it does not serve to talk."

"What were you going to say, Coinneach?" the

tell me?"
"I would not give a thing a bad name," said
Coinneach, as he labored at the oar. "No, no; they
were not talking of a murder or any bad thing like
that. But—but there might be an accident; and a
very good thing, too, if an accident happened to
the Little Red Dwarf."

were not talking of a murder or any bad thing like that. But—but there might be an accident; and a very good thing, too, if an accident happened to the Little Red Dwarf."

"Oh, well," said Coinneach, looking away out to the herizon, as if the suggestion might come from any quarter. "Maybe he would be riding home on a dark night, and maybe there might be a wire stretched across the road, and if he was to break his neck who could help that? And it is I who would laugh to hear that he had broken his neck; indeed I would laugh!" said Coinneach, though there was little laughter in his sombre tones.

"And that is what you call an accident, Coinneach? It is an accident that might end in your finding yourself with a hempen coilar round your neck. And what was it set the young men talking like that?"

"Oh, well, indeed, they were talking about the draining of the loch and the pulling down of Castle Heimra; and they were saying that nowadays the law was being altered by the people themselves, and that right and justice could be done without waiting for the courts. They were saying that was heard was that the people would not wait any longer for more pasture to be given them; they would not wait for the courts; they were going to take the deer forest to themselves and hamstring every one of the stags—them that they could not wait for the keeps of the stags—them that they could not any thing else. They were and hamstring every one of the stags—them that they could not any time else. They were and hamstring every one of the stags—them that they could not anything else. They were telling me that. And who was to put the crofters and cottars out of the deer forest to the melves and hamstring every one of the stags—them that they could not anything else. They were telling me that. And who was to put the crofters and cottars out of the deer forest over there in the Lews? Not all the policemen in the island; there are not enough. And if they were to send soldiers, the Queen's soldiers dare not fire on the Queen's subjects, or the

The inwore tiptoed about uneasily in the midst of all this unaccustomed splender, and even the court of all this unaccustomed splender, and even the court of all this unaccustomed splender, and even the court of all this unaccustomed splender, and even the court of all this unaccustomed splender, and even the court of all this unaccustomed splender, and allowed the secondary of the secondary of



The story of the settlement of Onlo is replete with strange and thrilling adventures. From the time of the arrival of Bafus Putnam's intrepid little colony to the close of the second war with Great Britain, the "Buckers State" was the locale of startling events, some of which, if not properly authenticated, would read like the wildest chapters of fletion.

Some of the earliest rettlers found their way. The story of the settlement of Ohlo is replete

Some of the earliest cettlers found their way through the unbroken forests to the banks of the Muskingum and there reared their cabins. These usen were, for the most part, the heads of increasing fundles, some of the members of which were mere children, but these were as courageous in their way as their parents. The boys learned to handle the rifle as soon as they were large enough to carry it, and from that hour were looked upon to furnish the larder with daily supplies of game, which was not a very difficult task, for the forests were literally alive with deer, turkeys, phensants and the like.

In addition to such game there were bears and panthers, and some of the most sangularry encounters recorded in the settlement of the West occurred between the settlers of the Muskingum country and these animals.

Among the people who came into the region I have mentioned was Andrew Blossom, a hardy pioneer in the prime of life. He built his cabin with the aid prime of life. He built his cabin with the aid for the carried of the forests when the spring to the window, and the boy saw the animals animals.

The frontier boy continued to watch the panther till it moved toward the window, where it put its fore feet upon the sill and looked down the ladder. When the was had he window, where it put its fore feet upon the sill and looked down the ladder. Seconds seemed hours to Tom while he watched the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when it began to leave the big panther, and when





freeze his blood. If he had gone to bed alone he now had a bedfellow, and the strangest one a ploneer boy ever had.

mentioned was Andrew Blossom, a hardy pioneer in the prime of life. He built his cabin with the aid of his wife and son, the latter a robust youth of fourteen, very fond of roving in the woods with a rifle, and a good shot.

Tom Blossom was good natured, nearly always whist-ling, except when creeping after some wary game like a flock of turkeys, and it was not often that he came home with nothing in his game bag. He soon came to know the Muskingum forest like a book well read. Its trails were like turnpikes to him, and all knew that he stood in no danger of losing his way.

In building the cabin, Tom had stipulated that he should have the "loft" to himself, and was permitted to fit it up as he saw fit. It was not long before he had adorned it with trophies of the hunt, such as antiers, coon skins, turkey festhers and the like. The only window in the attic looked toward the west and the like. The only window in the attic looked toward the west and the like. The only window in the attic looked toward the west and the like. The only window in the attic looked toward the west and the like. The only window in the attic looked toward the west and the like. The only window in the attic looked toward the west and the like the look with the panther.

To like the prime when the door of the back to struggle for one brief moment in the fell back to struggle for one brief moment in the fell back to struggle for one brief moment in the grass.

The shot had not ceased to cohe when the door of the bush begins for his bless on the Muskingum rushed out.

"That's the big painter, father," cried Tom the Muskingum rushed out.

Then Tom came down the lodger in the window. "I slept with 'im last night, an' he was goin' off without payin' for his lodger!"

Then Tom came down the lodger in the window. "I slept with 'im last night, an' he was goin' off without payin' for his lodger!"

Then Tom came down the lader and told the story of the night hunt with Dick. Father and son agreed that the painter, badly wounded, had come have a payin'

LIFE ON THE "L."











CITY HALL.